

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Birmingham, N. Y., on every bottle.

S. A. L.

FLORIDA AND WEST INDIA SHORT LINE.

VESTIBULE LIMITED TRAINS.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 23rd, 1902.

SOUTHWARD.

lv. New York, P. R. R.	12:55 p.m.	12:55 a.m.
lv. Philadelphia, P. R. R.	3:30 p.m.	7:20 a.m.
lv. Baltimore, P. R. R.	4:15 p.m.	8:05 a.m.
lv. Washington, W. S. Ry.	7:00 p.m.	10:41 a.m.
lv. Richmond, S. A. L. Ry.	10:37 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
lv. Petersburg, " "	11:20 p.m.	2:58 p.m.

lv. Norfolk, " "	1:55 a.m.	5:18 p.m.
lv. Henderson, " "	2:58 a.m.	5:41 p.m.
lv. Raleigh, " "	6:09 p.m.	9:32 p.m.
lv. Southern Pines, " "	6:10 a.m.	9:33 p.m.

lv. Hamlet, " "	7:35 a.m.	9:45 p.m.
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lv. Columbia, " "	10:25 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
lv. Savannah, " "	2:35 p.m.	4:55 a.m.
lv. Jacksonville, " "	7:00 p.m.	9:15 a.m.

lv. St. Augustine, " "	11:25 a.m.	
lv. Tampa, " "	6:45 a.m.	6:00 p.m.

lv. New York, N. Y. P. & N.	7:55 a.m.	8:55 p.m.
lv. Philadelphia, " "	10:10 a.m.	11:10 p.m.

lv. New York, O. D. S. Co.	3:00 p.m.	
lv. Baltimore, B. S. P. Co.	7:50 p.m.	
lv. Wash'ton N. & W. S. B.	6:30 p.m.	

lv. Portsmouth, S. A. L. Ry.	9:05 p.m.	9:35 a.m.
lv. Weldon, " "	10:30 p.m.	12:30 a.m.
lv. Norfolk, " "	1:35 a.m.	3:55 a.m.
lv. Henderson, " "	2:58 a.m.	5:18 p.m.
lv. Raleigh, " "	6:09 p.m.	9:32 p.m.
lv. Southern Pines, " "	6:10 a.m.	9:33 p.m.
lv. Hamlet, " "	7:35 a.m.	9:45 p.m.

lv. Wilmington, " "	10:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
lv. Charlotte, " "	10:35 a.m.	12:35 p.m.
lv. Chester, " "	10:40 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
lv. Greenwood, " "	10:45 a.m.	12:45 p.m.
lv. Athens, " "	10:50 a.m.	12:50 p.m.
lv. Atlanta, " "	10:55 a.m.	12:55 p.m.
lv. Augusta, C. & W. C.	5:40 p.m.	
lv. Macon, C. & W. C.	7:20 p.m.	11:35 a.m.
lv. Montgomery & W. P. R.	9:30 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
lv. Mobile, L. & N.	2:55 a.m.	
lv. New Orleans, L. & N.	7:25 a.m.	
lv. Nashville, N. C. & S. L.	1:30 a.m.	6:55 p.m.
lv. Memphis, " "	4:15 p.m.	8:20 a.m.

lv. Memphis, N. C. & S. L.	12:45 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
lv. Nashville, " "	9:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.
lv. New Orleans, L. & N.	1:30 a.m.	
lv. Mobile, L. & N.	1:30 a.m.	
lv. Montgomery, A. & W. P.	6:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
lv. Macon, C. & W. C.	8:00 a.m.	4:20 p.m.
lv. Augusta, C. & W. C.	10:05 a.m.	
lv. Atlanta, S. A. L. Ry.	12:00 p.m.	11:35 p.m.
lv. Athens, " "	2:57 p.m.	11:35 p.m.
lv. Greenwood, " "	5:15 p.m.	1:58 a.m.
lv. Chester, " "	7:17 p.m.	4:15 a.m.
lv. Charlotte, " "	7:27 p.m.	5:01 a.m.
lv. Wilmington, " "	10:40 p.m.	7:50 a.m.
lv. Southern Pines, " "	11:35 p.m.	8:44 a.m.
lv. Raleigh, " "	1:35 a.m.	11:35 p.m.
lv. Henderson, " "	3:05 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
lv. Norfolk, S. A. L. Ry.	3:30 a.m.	1:45 p.m.
lv. Weldon, " "	3:00 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
lv. Portsmouth, " "	7:15 a.m.	5:35 p.m.
lv. Washington, N. & W. S. B.	6:55 a.m.	
lv. Baltimore, B. S. P. Co.	10:30 p.m.	
lv. New York, O. D. S. Co.	1:30 p.m.	
lv. Philadelphia, N. Y. P. & N.	7:45 p.m.	1:04 a.m.
lv. New York, " "	8:15 p.m.	8:02 a.m.

lv. Tampa, S. A. L. Ry.	No. 34	No. 66
lv. St. Augustine, S. A. L. Ry.	8:00 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
lv. Jacksonville, " "	9:30 a.m.	7:50 p.m.
lv. Savannah, " "	1:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.
lv. Columbia, " "	7:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.
lv. Hamlet, " "	10:40 p.m.	8:40 a.m.
lv. Southern Pines, " "	11:35 p.m.	9:35 a.m.
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lv. Henderson, " "	3:05 a.m.	1:10 p.m.
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lv. Philadelphia, P. R. R.	1:30 p.m.	2:50 a.m.
lv. New York, P. R. R.	2:55 p.m.	6:30 a.m.

Note: Daily except Sunday.

[Central Time. Eastern Time.]

H. S. LEARD, G. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

Just Received

A LARGE SHIPMENT OF

NOVELTIES

In Latest Artistic Designs of the leading manufacturing houses in the east.

Blouse Sets. Link Buttons. Scarf Pins. Chains. Sash Pins. Lorgnettes. Hat Pins. Princess, etc.

When you buy good jewelry you have something that shows good quality. When we sell it you know it's all right. We put the best judgment into buying and guarantee the quality of everything we sell.

E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, North Carolina.

Thomas Carlyle.

Harriet Hobson Dougherty in Kind Words.

EARLY one November morning, in the first decade of the nineteenth century, a party of three people walked slowly through the quiet streets of the little village of Ecclefechan in Scotland. Stalking on ahead was the burly figure of a working man; a stonemason evidently, judging by the dust on his leathern apron, and the great calloused places on his brawny hands. A little distance behind him came a woman and a boy, the latter's hand clasped close in her toil hardened fingers. She was a comely woman, simply clad, and with the kindly, honest face of the Scotch peasant. The lad was rather fragile looking for one bred in the wild hills of Scotland, and gazed out at the world through a pair of big eyes that seemed strangely old and solemn to belong to a boy of fourteen years. On the edge of the village the man paused, and giving the boy a hearty shake of the hand, and a kindly word of farewell, turned back, leaving the mother and son alone together. "Do ye send me a long letter often, laddie," she said in a tone that faltered strangely. "The letters rive me wonderful when ye are far away. Keep up ye heart, lad, and do ye tell me, when e'er ye write, if ye read a chapter o'en and morn. Now, farewell to ye." For an instant her hand was laid in a rare caress on his thin shoulder, then he moved slowly away. The woman waved her hand when he glanced back, then stood watching the lonely little figure as it climbed the steep road that led toward the distant city of Edinburgh. And thus at the age of fourteen, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and his future consisting only of the faded clothes on his thin little back, did one of the most remarkable men of his time start out in life. It was a long journey Thomas Carlyle was beginning, for he intended walking all the way to the University of Edinburgh, eighty miles distant. But little he cared for miles that frosty morning as he stepped buoyantly along for all the dreams of his short life seemed just to come true! Ever since he had played about the stonemason's cottage, with his eight other children, two ideas had been firmly fixed in the small Thomas' mind. One of these was, that some time and some how, it did not matter much just when, or just how, he was going to have an education. Not merely enough to read and write a letter, like his plain, honest old father, but one vast enough to teach him all he wanted to know—what was everything! The other cherished idea was, he was determined to write a book! "I must write a book; I tell you I must!" he insisted over and over again to his astonished mother, while he was a very little boy indeed. And the simple soul would elevate her hands and eyes, and stare helplessly at the solemn-eyed child, who was wagging so wise a head at her, and insisting so vigorously on writing a book! She felt, no doubt, very much like a matronly, old-luck would, should one of her waddling brood suddenly mount into a tree top and begin to sing. These two fixed purposes took firm hold of the boy's mind as he grew older, and so it was, that after leaving the village school, we find him pluckily starting out to tramp the eighty miles to college without a penny in his pocket.

There is something wonderfully pathetic in that early morning start out into the life where he was destined to play so brilliant a part! No money, no friends, no influence—in fact no anything, but a loving mother at home, and in his own breast enough pride, pluck, and towering ambition for two men. Through the long, hard years of college life, where grim want stuck close at his heels, that boyish determination did not falter. "It is a certain fact that I must write a book!" he wrote once during those years which were so bare of everything, save work, and hope. "I cannot say if I have the slightest genius, but I know I have enough unrest to run a parish. If the edifice I construct be but a dog hut, it is more honorable to have built a dog hut than to have dreamed of building a palace."

After leaving college Carlyle taught school for awhile, but the life was very tiresome to him. The long hours of unceasing study at college, when the brain was doggedly forced to work on and on, while the body was miserably fed, had left him a victim for life, to acute indigestion and unstrung nerves. But ill health did not make him flinch in the work he had chosen, and about this period he wrote, "Oh, fortune! thou that givest unto each his portion on this dirty planet, bestow coronets and crowns and principalities and puddings and powers upon the great and noble and fat ones of this earth. Grant me that with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors, unobedient to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation

be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king."

About this time he began writing for the magazines. He fared pretty much as all new writers usually do, being sent up to the skies with delight one day by a success, and dropped into the depths of despair the next time by a failure. He resolutely refused to be discouraged though, and soon the successes out balanced the failures, two to one. Then gradually the remarkable learning, vigor, and depths of his essays began to attract attention. In 1826, while still struggling at the bottom of the literary ladder, Carlyle married Jane Welsh, a very brilliant and beautiful woman, to whom he was always deeply attached. For several years after their marriage the young couple were desperately poor, and lived at Craigenputtock, a Scotch moorland farm. It was while there that some of Carlyle's best work was done; work which won the approval of students throughout the literary world, and laid the foundation of the great fame which was soon to be his. In 1831 the Carlyles removed to London, and in 1835 he completed the first volume of his great work on the French Revolution. Just how much privation, how many months of toil, how many sleepless nights, those closely written pages represented, no one but the worn out author ever knew! And it all went for naught! He gave the precious manuscript to a friend to read, and a servant thinking that it was just a bundle of old paper threw it in the fire! Carlyle bore his loss with a quietness that seems almost incredible, when one remembers all that volume had represented to him. "I could not complain," he wrote to Emerson, "my friend would have shot himself. I began again at the beginning to such a wretched, paralyzing torpedo of a task, as my hand never found to do." He did begin again though at once, and so wonderfully tenacious was his memory that the entire volume was soon rewritten almost without notes. The book was completed in 1837, and into it he put what is generally considered the greatest work of his life. After its publication, not only fame was his, but as his other great works were issued one after another, fortune in a measure came also. All the world knows of Carlyle's masterpieces: of the splendid monument he built himself in the temple of literary fame, with the books he gave to the world. But with the real man, the crusty old Scotchman, with his fierce love of truth, his funny crochets, and his indomitable courage, it is possibly not so familiar. He was irritable and full of whims we are told, but there are few of us who would not be, if we had battled near a lifetime with jangling nerves, acute dyspepsia, and biting poverty. And with all his oddities, there are two very beautiful traits of Carlyle's which should always be remembered in connection with him. One was his sturdy independence and fierce honesty, and the other was his devotion to his humble parents. When all the world was doing him honor, a title was offered him. But he would none of it. Instead he hunched up his shoulders, put on his blackest scowl, and more curtly than politely answered, that as plain Thomas Carlyle he had lived and written his books, and as plain Thomas Carlyle he would die and leave them behind him. To his mother, the man whom the world called a sour misanthrope, he was always a devoted and tender son, sharing whatever he earned with her, no matter how little it might be. "If I had but one sovereign in the world," he once wrote her, "I don't see how I could purchase more enjoyment with it, than by sharing it with you."

Carlyle lived in a world of his own, coming out of the clouds so seldom that he was one of the most impracticable of men, as the following incident as related by Tennyson will show:

He and the kindly poet were great friends, and on one occasion the two families were spending the summer at the same little resort in the Highlands. One day the poet met Carlyle on the road, and in the course of conversation mentioned that Lady Tennyson was not at all well. The Sage of Chelsea turned promptly on his heel and went striding off toward home without uttering a word of farewell. Too accustomed to his friend's idiosyncrasies to notice, Tennyson slowly sauntered homeward, when just as he mounted the step he spied Carlyle racing across the lawn toward him, as fast as his heels could carry him. "There, take it to her at once," he panted, rushing up out of breath, and thrusting a bottle in Lord Tennyson's hand as he spoke. "What is it, and give it to whom?" the poet gasped, holding the bottle gingerly in his fingers, and staring in astonishment first at the unpleasant looking mixture, and then at his friend's perspiring face. "Why, give it to Lady Tennyson, of course! Mrs. Carlyle was ill not long ago, and as that medicine cured her, I thought it might cure your wife too." As he knew neither what the drug was, nor what was the matter with Lady Tennyson, "his needless to say that the medicine was carefully put out of sight, but never taken."

Carlyle lived to be an old, old man, when you want a pleasant phylax to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and

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Carlyle lived in a world of his own, coming out of the clouds so seldom that he was one of the most impracticable of men, as the following incident as related by Tennyson will show:

He and the kindly poet were great friends, and on one occasion the two families were spending the summer at the same little resort in the Highlands. One day the poet met Carlyle on the road, and in the course of conversation mentioned that Lady Tennyson was not at all well. The Sage of Chelsea turned promptly on his heel and went striding off toward home without uttering a word of farewell. Too accustomed to his friend's idiosyncrasies to notice, Tennyson slowly sauntered homeward, when just as he mounted the step he spied Carlyle racing across the lawn toward him, as fast as his heels could carry him. "There, take it to her at once," he panted, rushing up out of breath, and thrusting a bottle in Lord Tennyson's hand as he spoke. "What is it, and give it to whom?" the poet gasped, holding the bottle gingerly in his fingers, and staring in astonishment first at the unpleasant looking mixture, and then at his friend's perspiring face. "Why, give it to Lady Tennyson, of course! Mrs. Carlyle was ill not long ago, and as that medicine cured her, I thought it might cure your wife too." As he knew neither what the drug was, nor what was the matter with Lady Tennyson, "his needless to say that the medicine was carefully put out of sight, but never taken."

Carlyle lived to be an old, old man,

when you want a pleasant phylax to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and

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